



# Moon phase

*She laid her head against my cupped hands,  
Resting as I examined her on the table.  
Neck arched back, she looked at me,  
Eyes sunken in their orbits,  
Lips curling. After a few weeks her face  
Curved inward too. A full moon  
Fading to a waxing crescent.*

*"How much time?"  
She mouthed the words.  
The cancer in her pharynx  
Blocked the cords.*

*Just as sound fails to travel in space  
Her voice was silenced on earth.  
I don't do horoscopes.  
I just know Cancer.  
I can't judge time.  
I just know it waxes and wanes.  
And all I want to tell her is that  
The white hairs against her black tresses  
Look like a meteor shower  
Against a black sky.*

—Natalie Ailene Moreno, MD, MHS